

A ninuetyue agaynst Treason

Remember well, o mortall man, to whom god geueth reason
How he truly most ryghtfully, doth alwayes punyſhe treason.



Conſydering of the ſtate of man, and of this mortall lyfe
Which is but ſhozt, and very full of mutabyltye
I called to remembzaunce, the hateful war and ſtryle
Which hath ben don within this realme thzugh gret iniquite
In clymyng to achyue the crowne, & repal dingnyte (bzetain
Of this kyngdome now called England, but ſomtyme greete
And howe by falſe and ranke traytours, the kynges they haue ben ſlayne.

What moued the Duke of Gloceſter, Edward the fourthes brother
Of his two natural ſeuewes, by lyneall diſcent.
Seking of them diſtruction, and alſo of the queene their mother,
But that he the ryghtfull rayne of them, he falſely myght pzeuent
Styll workinge tyl he had brought to paſſe, his falſe and pill enent
By murtheryng the innocentes, that he him ſelfe myght raygne
Yet lyke a noughty falſe traytour, at Boſewoꝝth was he ſlayne.

He neuer reſted tyl he had, made away his owne naturall brother
George the good duke of clarence, that noble pꝛince truly
Cauſyng the kyng to graunt thereto, for it wolde be none other
For which wycked fact ſone afterwarde, the kyng was ryght ſoꝝy
That in a but of Walmeſey, the man was foꝝt to dye
Within the towꝝe aſwel was knowne, the ſtoꝝy is ryght playne
Yet at the laſt this ranke traytour, at Boſewoꝝth was he ſlayne.

He eke ſlewe with a ſhozt dagger, that mylde Henry the ſext
Remaynyng in the towꝝe vntyl, his lyfe he did there end
That he to were the crowne therby, myght ſurely be the next
Thug to murther and falſe treason, he dyd him ſelfe extende
Vntyll ſuche tyme moſt ryghtfully, god bzought him to his ende
Leuyng hym in tꝛaunp, no lenger foꝝ to raygne
But at the laſt foꝝ his deſertes, at Boſewoꝝth was he ſlayne.

Lyke treaſone to our laſt Henry, was wzought by haynous ſpyghe
By olde Hemſon and by Dudley, as traytours moſt vntꝛue
At Rychemond was their full enent, to haue diſtroyd him quyghe
That their malicions purpoſe, myght there foꝝthwith enſue
But god out of this pꝛeſent lyfe, awaye them ſtreyghe he dꝛue
Takynge their heades from their bodies, which thyng is moſt certayne
So not vnlke to falſe traytours, they both were truly ſlayne

Yet many treaſons mo were done, agaynſt this noble kyng
By dyuers men of wyckednes, as is moſt euident
But god alwayes of his goodnes, reueled their dootyng
So that they euyl deuyled thynges, he euer dyd pꝛeuent
That no myſcheuous traytour could, obtrayne his owne entent
But al they crafty falſe treaſons, which deuelyſhly they wzought
Were ryght ſone ſerched out truly, and ryght ſone bzought to nought

But our alas the noughty ſede, of traytours hath increased
And ſpꝛonge by very haſtely, now in his ſonnes dayes

Edward the ſyxt foꝝfoꝝch I meane, whom god hath now diſplaced
Which fought and mynded goddes gloꝝy, entendinge vertuous wayes
With him and his two bucles deare, they made dyuers aſſayes
Vntill ſuch tyme as they thought them, in theyꝝ moſt crafty trayne
And ſo workinge moſt wyckedly, the ryghteous haue they ſlayne.

At laſt they dyd attempt agaynſt, theyꝝ lyege Lady and Queene:
Mary by the grace of god, of Englande and of Fraunce
And alſo ryght theyꝝ of Irelande, moſt comly to be ſene,
Whom the myghty loꝝde pꝛeſerue, from all hurt and myſchaunce
Foꝝ the to ſoyful godlynes, ledech the perfect daunce
Whom god at her great neede doth helpe, workinge nothyng in hayne
Subdueth to her, her enemies al, which wzought with dyedful trayne

When they foꝝth went lyke men they were, moſt fearefull to beholde
Of foꝝce and eke of puſaunt power, they ſemed very ſtronge
In theyꝝ attempts alſo they were, both feare and wonders bolde
If god wolde haue ben helper to ſuch, as ſtꝛuech in the wzonge
But at the laſt he helped vs, though we thought it ryght longe
The Nobles here pꝛoclaymed her queene, in voydyng of all blame
Wherfoꝝe pꝛayſe we the loꝝde aboue, and magnyfie his name.

Which thyng was done the xix. day, of this moneth of July
The yere of God. xv. hundred fyfety addyng the
In the Cytie of glad London, pꝛoclaymed moſt toꝝfully
Where cappes and ſpluer plenteouſly, about the ſtꝛetes dyd flye
The greateſt toꝝ and moſt gladnes, that in this realme myght be
The trumpettes blew vꝛall on hye, our Charles copall ſame
Let vs therfoꝝe ſtill gloꝝyfy, and pꝛayſe his holy name.

The nobles all conſented than, together with one accorde
To go to Baules churche euery man, to gyue thankes vnto the loꝝde
Wher as they harde a ſonge of pꝛaiſe, as cuſtome it hath bene
To rende thankes to god alwayes, foꝝ the victorie of our queene.

Suche chere was made in euery ſtꝛete, as no man can expꝛeſſe
In ſecyng foꝝth wyne and plentie of meate: and ſpers of much gladnes
Such myꝛch was made in euery place: as the lyke was neuer ſene
That god had ſhed on vs his grace: in geuyng a ryghtful queene

And where as he went foꝝth full glad, as pꝛince both ſtout and bolde
He came a traytour in full ſad, with hart that myght be colde
The ſame whom al befoꝝe dyd feare, and were in moſt ſubiection
The people wolde in peeces teare, yf they myght haue election.

The ſame foꝝ whom befoꝝe they pꝛayde, reupled was and curſe
And he that longe the ſwyng he had ſwayde, was now moſt vyle & woꝝſt
We ſe therfoꝝe the ouerthꝛowe, of al theyꝝ wicked wayes
Howe wicked might is bzought ſurloꝝe, to gods greac Laude & pꝛayſe,

God ſaue the Queene. Finis. qd. T. M.
Imꝛyꝛned at London by Roger Wadeley, and are
to be ſolde in Baules Church yearde at
the ſygne of the Scarre.



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